THE GENTLE ART OF BREAKING INTO A MEDICAL PRACTICE

I soon became an expert on the pulse.

Doctor Brady Tells How the Villagers Rushed Past His Physician and Surgeon Sign Until He Became an Expert on the Pulse and Then—

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

As far back as I can remember I always intended to become a doctor. When I was in my first home made trousers I had a yearning to grow up and go about town smelling like a chemical mill and forcing innocent children to swallow nasty medicine. It seemed to me that there could be no greater pleasure than mixing up some diabolic concoction, labeling it "Medicine for Little Willie," and ordering a large teaspoonful administered thrice a day before meals.

I used to wonder whether our old doctor could be prevailed upon to bequeath his formula to me when he died. I had grave doubts that I should ever be able to devise one to compare with it. While I could readily conceive ingredients which might be just as good as far as effects were concerned, still I feared my mixture wouldn't taste quite as bad as the old doctor's and parents would therefore have no faith in it. But the old doctor never divulged his secret; he carried it to the grave with him.

How fleeting are childhood's longings! Before I was old enough to lick my teacher I had changed terribly. My ambition turned toward surgery. I made up my mind to become a great operator and collect appendices. I was pretty good at whittling things out with my trusty blade, even that early in life, and as for sewing things up, there wasn't a woman in our neighborhood who had anything on me in that line. I sewed up everything in sight.

All in all, I felt quite confident I should make a first rate surgeon, so I spoke to father about it one day. I knew that whatever father might have to say on the subject would be sound and true. Father had a remarkably penetrating mind.

"A surgeon, hey?" It costs money to become a surgeon. How much have you saved up toward college expenses?" father wanted to know.

This was an embarrassing way to approach the subject, but father was always quite frank with us boys.

"I still have that 50 cents coming to me—the circus money you promised, you know, if I passed geography all right——"

"Well, well, a surgeon—but stranger things than that have happened," said father musingly. "I suppose you might make a success of it if patients wouldn't want to be operated on before noon. Why not go and have a talk with Dr. Dasher? He could tell you all about it."

I hurried off to call on Dr. Dasher. I found him sewing up a lacerated scalp. He allowed me to clean up the office for him after the operation was completed, and I did so well that he believed I would succeed in the profession.

As it finally turned out I never had the slightest difficulty in persuading patients to wait till afternoon for operation. My patients have always been considerate in that respect. They are glad enough to postpone operation at any time. They seem to realize that the longer they can put it off the better will be the prognosis. With this purpose in mind one patient postponed his operation ten years, and you may judge how pleased he is with the result when I add that he now avers he would hesitate twenty years if he had it to do over again.

Strangely enough most of my boyish ambitions were entirely forgotten by the time I received a license to practise on citizens of this State. I ardently wished to forget I ever had been a boy. I tried my best to forget it. I put away all the things that were a boy's and assumed the things a man wears, adopting among other marks a savage frown and a tight lip, together with a pair of eyeglasses I didn't actually need.

Then I let a contract for a beautiful gold lettered sign which cost me a reasonable enough sum in actual cash, but proved a very expensive investment later on. Somehow in impressing on the old sign painter my intentions and desires I gave him the impression that I meant to operate on patients first and treat them expectantly afterward. So when he installed the sign before my office door it read like this:

DOCTOR JOHN SMITH,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN

And for the first few months practice was just rushing past my sign in search of a physician and surgeon.

A nearsighted old lady from Second Milo finally wandered into my office with a very interesting complaint. I didn't get her complete history, but such portion as I elicited was of special interest to me. Unfortunately the lady wouldn't submit to a thorough examination.

I think I had just been powdering the office furniture with iodoform, and the lady didn't realize the importance of an accurate diagnosis as a preliminary requirement of successful treatment. In fact, she didn't seem to care for a diagnosis at all. There were lots of people in the village who would just as soon do without a diagnosis.

They would announce that they had stomach trouble and ask me to fix it up. No, never mind an examination—just mix up a little something to help assimilate the food. Well, for all I knew there might be a valuable case of appendicitis masquerading under cover. If I could only just make a brief, partial examination—just a jiffy it would take. No. Some other time. Too busy to-day. So I would have to content myself with fixing up the stomach trouble.

But this old lady I speak of appeared to be an intelligent person, and my hopes rose at the sight of her. She thrust open my office door and stood with one foot inside and the other out in the corridor somewhere. She asked very sweetly, "Is the doctor in?"

"Yes, madam, come in. I'm the doctor." I announced in fine practised tones. I had been practising six weeks.

"Now don't you try any of your capers on me, sonny. When'll the doc be back, I'd like to know?"

"I am he, madam," I persisted with a most dignified air. "Right this way, please."

I opened the door leading into my consulting room. I had a stethoscope carelessly hanging on my neck and I was twirling my spectacles in one hand. If I could only get the door shut behind her I felt sure I could help her.

But she evidently believed I ought to deduce a diagnosis by telepathy. She seemed disappointed because I had failed to cry out: "It's your liver!" as soon as she put her head inside my door. The most popular practitioner in those parts used to go into a brief trance and tell callers it was their liver and their nerves before they had time to say a word. He used to visit the town regularly once a month and he always told them the same thing, so it must have been correct.

"Right this way, madam," I urged in my most inviting manner. I was considering whether I ought to throw a little fit and prefer charges against her liver. "My office hours are nearly over, but seeing you——"

"Now, looky here, you young vagabond, I'm a goin' to complain on you to the doc when I see him, so I be. To plague a poor old woman that way! You'd ought er be ashamed of yourself!"

She tossed her head angrily, banged the door behind her and thumped down the stairs to the street. I watched her enter the drug store on the opposite corner. The clerk afterward told me he sold her a dollar bottle of sarsaparilla for her 89 cents. It was spring and the old lady was troubled with 89 cents.

From that moment I shaved not, neither did I grin. I grew black and melancholy whiskers and had them trimmed a la Dr. Hippokrates. I refused to know any young people at all; I cultivated the acquaintance of grandmothers and ancient aunts wherever I encountered them. Finally I began to get some practice. It was practice the other doctors were too busy to look after, but it was practice.

Ignoring the younger set proved a good business idea. The less attention I paid them the more fees they paid me. The young ladies of the village suffered frequent epidemics of some mysterious nervous ailment which was liable to come on suddenly when the patient was just about to start out to a party or to church. Now and then one of these patients would suffer a first rate imitation of appendicitis. In such cases we would have a trained nurse keep an ice bag on the appendix while we kept the family on pins and needles. If the appendix didn't do well on ice a consultation became imperative. The most popular consultant had an irritating way of laughing out in consultation and dashing a young cub's hopes to pieces on the rocks of sound common sense.

"Appendicitis?" he would say. "My son, wait until you've had some experience. The appendicitis is located in the brain here. Hold her hand—take her pulse half a dozen times a day—that'll cure her."

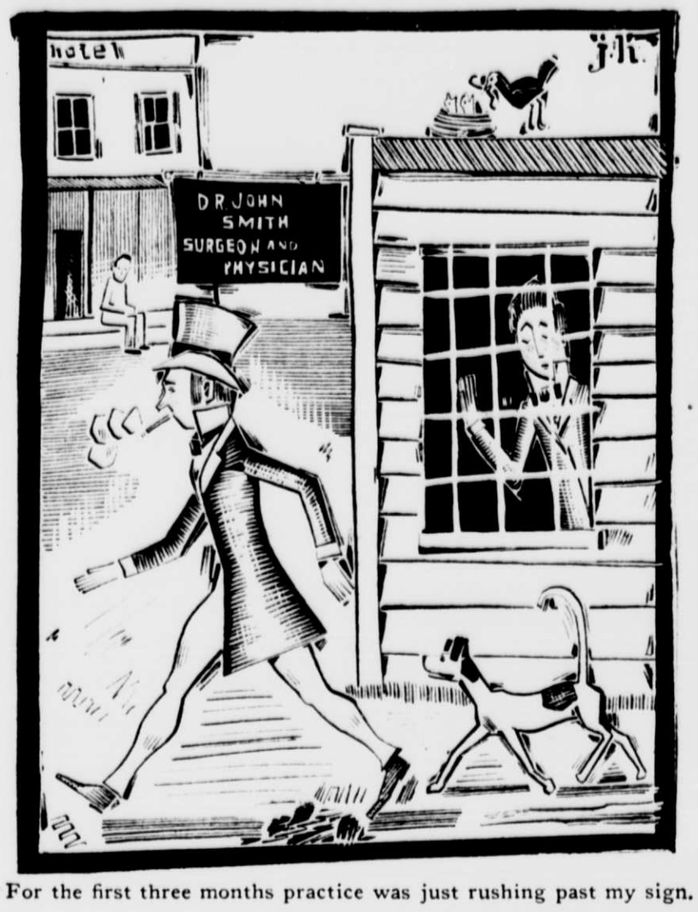
So I became an expert on the pulse.

Before I was aware of it I was being dragged up the aisle to take a pulse and all that went with it for life.

The habit grew on me in a most alarming way. Before I was aware of it I was being dragged up the aisle to take a pulse and all that went with it for life.

We got along nicely on our instalments and accumulated a fine aggregation of accounts on the books. If I had the money, or one-tenth of the sum, I have entered with the words "For professional services rendered" I would establish a fund to insure world peace by arbitration and hire Mr. Carnegie to administer the fund.

Anyhow, the villagers believed we were getting rich. They considered me well to do; most of them considered it well to do me. They did me on both sides and through the middle. When I was thoroughly done I got crusty and left town. My wife and I were ambitious. We decided to go away to a large city and make our fortune.



For the first three months practice was just rushing past my sign.

Back Yards as Tea Gardens

SOME of the enterprising women running tea rooms on the ground floor of old time dwellings, now included in the fashionable shopping district, are showing much originality in their methods of utilizing back yards as tea gardens. Women shoppers are delighted with the novelty of eating a dainty luncheon or sipping afternoon tea in one of these quiet retreats which in some cases are entirely enclosed by high commercial buildings. Business men have also been quick to appreciate the smoking privilege accorded them in some of these outdoor annexes. This, in connection with the delicious home cooked food, has gained for many of these establishments a surprising number of men patrons.

In several instances such a tea room is so arranged that it includes the entire basement floor of one remodelled dwelling and the kitchen of the adjoining place, whose front basement is rented to some other tenant. This arrangement gives to the owner of the tea room a desirable approach to her garden through the spacious indoor restaurant, low French windows being cut through into the back yard. It also gives her control of two yards instead of one.

A tea garden so located has part of its space protected by a quaint thatched roof, under which is a group of small tables. Another part of the garden holds a little pagoda under which is a long, narrow table, with a wooden settle for two on each side. By drawing a chair to each end of the table, six persons can be easily accommodated. The centre of the garden has an upright with electric light and side lights are placed in quaint lanterns hung against the fence. Vines clamber everywhere, but the need of flowering plants is not left to the uncertainty of nature. While artificial flowers are not used, cut flowers are so cleverly placed as to deceive any but the too curious.

Glass preserve jars, almost touching each other, are embedded their entire depth in the flower bed which borders three sides of the yard. Ferns and other foliage keep fresh for weeks, while different flowers are added every other day. The depth of water keeps the contents of the jars in good condition, while the wide mouthed jars allow the ferns to spread until the effect is of a continuous line of green. The water in the jars is changed by means of a hose which floods the old water out and the new in.

Another favorite tea garden surrounded by tall office buildings occupies only a single yard and the approach to it is of necessity past the kitchen door. This as well as the kitchen windows opening on the tea garden is latticed with green painted woodwork and the old fashioned board fence is painted to correspond. In the corners of the yard are flower beds of old fashioned flowers and the tables are grouped under a spacious marquee of green and white awning cloth. While this affords sufficient protection from sun and light showers, in bad weather the garden is abandoned and patrons use the regular tea room, which is the large front basement of this old style dwelling.

An odd style of protection is given the tables in another tea garden. In the centre of each small round table is fixed an immense umbrella such as is used at beaches. The handle of the umbrella is firmly fixed in an opening made in the table, but can be removed late in the afternoon when the tables are being made ready for dinner.

Still another tea garden is carried on in a small greenhouse extending over the greater part of the yard space. This has the advantage of being heated so that it serves as a sun parlor in winter, while in summer by lifting the sections of glass roof all the advantage of an outdoor eating place is secured.

These establishments are fascinating to women who are fond of entertaining in novel ways and suggest means by which roof gardens and small city yards may be used to the best advantage.

Protecting England's Foreign Commerce

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...ers of machinery and metal goods to represent their interests in the Far East. The head office was established in London, with branches at Shanghai, Hankow, Pekin and other commercial centres in the Far East. This was practically the merging of the various industries into a single selling company for the foreign trade. The advantage of such a plan is apparent.

British investments abroad, which began with the overflow of surplus capital a century and a half ago, are the backbone of England's best markets in many foreign countries. There is at least $3,000,000,000 of British capital invested in the Argentine Republic. It is in banks, railways, ranches, packing plants and the like. The railroads form the largest share.

Whatever English capital has furnished the money to build a railway line in Argentina the English mills have supplied the steel rails, the locomotives, the rolling material and the rolling stock. The London banks, through whose hands the funds have been obtained, have seen to it that the material was purchased from the British industries which also were financing.

The soldiers in the railways have always had the benefit of obtaining material at the lowest prices. But while the shareholders have lost British money, have gained, so that the British people at large, industrially and commercially considered, has not been the loser.

The policy of buying only from British mills is maintained with a dogged-ness that is truly English, but it insures British markets for the material needed. The control of the purchases is ever maintained by the plan of centralizing everything centred in London. The head of an Argentine English owned railway company told me in Buenos Aires that he wouldn't think of buying a coupling pin without the London office asking for the tenders.

British locomotives have never made much headway in Argentina because of the British habit of buying only in British markets when possible. The broad gauge lines and the use of compound engine preferred by British railway managers are often given as the reason why American locomotives are not wanted. But the real reason is that the British railway manager is not only prejudiced in favor of his own make of locomotive, but also knows that his London office and the London bank expect him to buy locomotives in England.

Argentina is an illustration of England's purchases from English mills which can be duplicated in any other part of the world where there are large British investments.

A psychological element in British foreign trade is also to be considered. With a century behind them practically free from competition, British manufacturers and British firms until lately had come to believe that the markets of the world were theirs by some inherent right.

It had got to be a habit of mind to regard the markets of South America and of the Orient as just naturally belonging to the United Kingdom, and this unconscious and entirely sincere assumption for a long time helped to maintain their supremacy in foreign markets. When the systematic German competition began little was thought of it. But after a decade it began to be felt, and as it grew stronger much of the bitterness of national trade rivalry developed.

Germany, in the neutral markets of the world, has not actually taken much old business from England, but it has absorbed a full share of new business, and the British manufacturer and the British merchant have resented this because they felt that the new as well as the old belonged to them.

The British attitude toward American competition has been different. It has been that of grieved surprise rather than of resentment. Until very recently British manufacturers never seriously considered the United States as a competitor for foreign business.

After the Russo-Japanese war, when the British firms in the Orient found that Americans were in earnest about the trade of that part of the world, the British merchants frankly explained their inability to understand this earnestness. Notwithstanding their alliance with Japan they fully sympathized with the American objection to Japan closing the open door to Manchuria. But that was because they, too, were hit.

In the South American market the British manufacturers were so strongly intrenched that they looked on anything like a Yankee invasion as a mere temporary diversion of American domestic trade activities. They assumed that the spasm would soon be over except in special lines of manufactures, such as agricultural machinery, where their inability to compete with the United States was frankly confessed.

When American mills went down to Argentina and got big steel rail contracts from the Argentine Government railways they began to take the situation more seriously. The United States Steel Corporation with its perfected foreign trade organization had entered the South American field and opened the way for smaller concerns.

Then the British firms which previously had been willing to handle nothing but British goods began to look up agencies for American companies. Some of them sent their representatives to New York to establish headquarters and be in touch with American mills.

This is about the most significant development in South American trade that has taken place in recent years, and with the dislocation of the iron and steel industry resulting from the war it is reasonably certain that British markets for iron and steel products in South America will feel American competition more keenly in the future than in the past.

The textile market presents a different proposition. England's practical monopoly of cotton goods in the Orient and in South America is not in any way due to British investments. It is simply a question of international trade conditions.

The Oriental market for cotton fabrics is now a vexed problem to all countries. The South American market is less so. Peru has cotton factories of her own which largely meet the domestic demand. Brazil's cotton mills are also partially meeting the Brazilian demand. But they will never meet it entirely. The other South American countries, and especially Argentina, which is the heaviest consumer, always will buy very largely abroad.

The fact that Lancashire is now taking so little cotton from our Southern States is evidence that the British textile industry is upset, and Manchester is sending small quantities of cotton goods to South America. A single year's interruption of the market means a permanent loss provided any vigorous competitor comes into the field to dispute it.

Germany is out of the question, and Spain and Italy, while they are competitors, are not vigorous ones. Heretofore the American mills have been so indifferent to the South American requirements as to designs, patterns, and so forth, that they have made little headway in the markets. If they fail to improve the present opportunity it will be the result of their own lack of enterprise.

The textile trade of the world is one of the biggest items in the United Kingdom's $7,000,000,000 foreign commerce. The trade in iron and steel products is next. Then there is a long list of miscellaneous commodities.

Reviewing the situation as a whole, notwithstanding that British cruisers are keeping the ocean lanes open and that British shipping in the Thames is reported to show no signs of war, while the merchant fleet at Hongkong is said to be undisturbed, it will be almost a miracle if at the close of the war British bottoms have as many cargoes of British manufactured articles to carry to the neutral markets of the world as they had at the beginning.

Gardening an Art in the Mikado's Land

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one sees everywhere, the same recesses. And so round to the great house again.

The Garden of the Prime Minister, Count Okuma's house, much larger, has the same differentiation of parts, but there was one very long vista of blooms, very rich in color when I saw it, with whole hedges and mounds and masses of red, yellow and white azaleas and magnificent peonies, great white, cup-like blooms with yellow at the heart, cascades of blossoms on every side. There were hothouses with many varieties of orchids under glass, and then there was a parklike portion more European than Japanese. Indeed, although Count Okuma speaks no language but his native tongue and is a profound nationalist, his great garden spaces are not so wholly national.

In one thing, however, namely, his collection of dwarf trees, he is very Japanese. He has hundreds of them. One tiny old baby pine with starlike needles on the branches was very beautiful. I should have liked to carry it off with me and watch it every day for a year. The Count is 77, but sturdy despite his loss of a leg long ago when a miscreant threw a bomb at him, condemning him since to a wooden leg. It is his custom to rise at 5 in the morning and spend an hour walking in his garden every day—and his days just now are full of state affairs—a man of courage, a man of parts and of honorable history.

Perhaps the most surprising garden that I saw in Tokio was that of Mr. Hayokawa, a very rich banker. He decided five years ago to have a new town residence and bought the ground in a busy quarter; but here now are house and grounds finished, and the garden, to all appearance, from fifty to a hundred years old. The air of an old perfection may be seen in the picture—a level space crossed by the usual flat stones in paths lying on a velvety carpet of green moss led toward curiously contorted old pine trees in the foreground, then blooming azaleas in red and white masses here and there, then a succession of trees of every tint of green, with here and there a dark red maple rising in stately picture beyond.

Stone lanterns lighted for the evening stood at the base of the hill and in the recesses of the wooded height. A waterfall tinkled high to the left and the water chanting a low sunset song was led along a shrub embowered bed. Among the trees, following a little path, we mounted in the growing dusk to a little tea house, and so on through beauty after beauty until we reached the house again. One would almost have preferred to stay and dream in the wonderful garden than to have gone in to dinner that was awaiting us. I said, almost: well, for the sake of the poetical let it stand at that. The substantial, however, has its claims.

It is not quite a garden story, but it is nearly. We had visited the private art museum of Mr. Kikachiro Okura, and the old gentleman, who is 78, had made a point of accompanying us all over, and then led the way across a woodland path through great trees to a little bungalow in a fold of the slope of two hills—in all, say, a hundred yards from the home of his vast array of priceless art treasures. Just a plain, little bit of a Japanese house. There he sat us down and gave us wonderful green tea and cake and such. It was just the thing after the fatigue of the museum. Mr. Okura was enjoying it, too, and when we were smoking royally he said: "I had this little house built a year ago. I wanted to be able to get away from Tokio at will. Here I am far away; look."

He rose and slid back a shoji, revealing a large oval window on the front of the house. The outlook seemed to be a ravine half a mile long, in which the trees gradually shut off all views beyond. It was very simple, but all true. He has ships on every sea; enterprises in a score of parts; has great riches, great interests with a wonderful history of uprise from poverty. He has given largely to charity and the helping of men and women to help themselves—shrewd, sharp, quick, close, generous at the last test—you know the type, and his highest pleasure is a bit of Japanese rusticity, away from Tokio but with Tokio at hand. There is something of the Japanese garden type in the joy he takes in it.

I have visited public, semi-public and private gardens in many parts of Japan, but those cited must serve. There are wonderful gardens at Kioto and Nikko; in fact, where are they not? Take the garden of Kinkakuji or Golden Pavilion at Kioto. It stands at the foot of a range of hills encircled by great trees and encloses a little lake on whose edge stands the Golden Pavilion. This fairy palace was designed for Yoshimitsu, a shogun of the Ashikaga, 520 years ago! Its upper story was once covered with beaten gold; it was decorated by great sculptors in wood, and great painters furnished its kakemonos. When he retired voluntarily from power it was there he went to live. It is full of quiet beauty and repose. Its outlook over a lakelet set in tall trees with flowering bushes at their feet is soothing, and you approve Yoshimitsu's taste, and if you are frivolous you feed the golden carp in the lake.

At Nikko there is the Abbot's Garden that will well repay you. In fact ancient and modern gardens abound, and in all of them if you have time you can find rest for eye and gentle persuasion for the mind. But you must have time, and if you have fatigue and little time don't go. At Kioto there is a gem of a garden laid out by some great landscape artist three or four centuries ago. It has the look of age and a deep serenity. There is a little lake with bends and turns and bosky places and rocks and venerable trees—and there are thirteen "views." I had duly gone the round and had counted thirteen. On the site of the last view I sat me down for contemplation, and this is what swam into my consciousness—a very stout English lady, red of face and ragged of temper, sitting on a stump, and a very lean, small skimpy husband expostulating:

He—Oh, come along, dear; it's only twenty minutes for the whole blooming views. Get it over and ave done with it, I say.

She—Not one minute; not one view. I'm sick o' looking at them views—the more that I cawn't see them when I do look. It's been the same wy all the whole dy—temples an' habbots an' false gods. And what do you know about them when all's said and done? Tell me that: tell me that!

He—Hsh! Hsh!

She—No, I won't hsh. I'm just wore out. Three temples and two habbots and hills to climb in one day and a goddess with the ridic'lous name of Cannon. I'd cannon 'em. I'm that footsore and heartsick that if you don't wheel me home, well, I'll scream.

He—Rickshaw! Hi, rickshaw!

Thereafter peace and the sun setting, and a sense that if a trumpet called it might call in vain, for surely the god of the gardens was with me, and a spiritual balm was in the air.